The World

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CONCERNING CHILDREN.

A Brooklyn woman, walking along Hancock street, saw a nursemaid yanking by the arm a crying child. The nursegirl was attractive looking, dressed in a black and white simple uniform, and was displaying considerable temper.

After watching the nurse cuff the wailing child and propel it by a series of jerks through the basement entrance of a prosperous house, the woman went up the front steps and rang the bell. When the child's mother appeared she was told of what had just happened on the street.

"I felt it my duty to inform you," explained the caller. "If one of my children was so treated I should prefer to know it."

"I'm so sorry you told me," replied the child's mother. "This is the sixth nursemaid I've had in the last two months, and she is the first one who would wear a cap."

This incident did not occur in the family of a multi-millionaire, or even an ordinary millionaire. It is typical of a rapidly increasing class of well-to-do Americans.

What will be the future development of a child brought up under the supervision of a mother who puts a maid's cap before the proper care of the child?

In the first place, a woman should look after her own children if she is physically able; and if her strength and health are not sufficient to stand the work of child rearing it is doubtful whether she has the moral right to bring children into the world. This does not mean that a mother should not have assistants. She should have the best aid her and her husband's financial means will allow. But the charge of the work should be hers, and neither the responsibility nor the care should be delegated.

A great deal is said and written in favor of large families of children. One child is too many if that one is not properly reared. A dozen children are few if their mother is one of those valuable women who bring up their children to be good, healthy men and women.

When a woman allows any other interest to come before her children the children must suffer. Love cannot be hired, mother's love least of all. The best perfunctory service accomplishes results below intelligent affection.

In time of sickness the doctor and the nurse can do better for a child than can an anxious mother. But to keep the child from becoming ill obviates both the drugs and the nursing. And the solicitous watchfulness of a mother nothing can replace.

Whether a maid wears a cap should not be a matter of any particular importance—but it is. The policeman wears a special cap; the fireman, the motorman, elevator man wear caps. Scores of occupations are denoted by their uniforms. Whether a uniform is a badge of distinction or not depends on the occupation and the wearer, not on the cap.

On the whole, the child is more important than the cap. A maid might be excused the cap if she would omit the yanking. In any case the mother cannot escape her responsibility, and mothers to whom child rearing is not a joy should leave the perpetuation of the human race to other women in whom fashion has not stifled affection.

The training of a child in the way he should go is the foundation of the right remedy for civic as well as domestic evils.

Letters from the People.

Shop Girl's Thought for 1907.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The Christmas season is a time, as one of the humorists puts it, when all mankind call a momentary truce in their all-year efforts to cut each other's throats, and when they remember for one day the true purpose of this life and sound the call of peace and good will. If they can do this for one day, why not longer? Why not all year? If a man can do a thing once he can do it again. If we can treat others decently one day we can do it on other days. Why not make this world an easier place to live in by keeping up the "good-will spirit" all year? Let us try it one year. It will be tried forever, for it will prove the grandest success ever achieved. Is not this worth a trial for 1907?

SHOP GIRL.

Three-Quarter Speed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I understand the Subway express motors are so arranged that the motormen can't turn on more than three-quarters speed, and that is why the locals travel faster between stations than the expresses. If this is so, it is an outrage. If the Subway managers cannot arrange a way for trains to run at full speed they are incompetent. If they cannot trust their motormen to handle "full speed" let them pay more and get competent motormen. In either case three-quarter speed is a disgrace.

S. C. H.

Drug Clerks' Hard Luck.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Much is said about the hardships of clerks who have to work late for a couple of weeks on account of the holidays. How about the drug clerks, who have to work from 7 or 8 A. M. till 10 or 11 P. M. all the year round? I never hear any one speak for them. Can any one deny that their work (which is both mental and physical) is even more difficult than that of other clerks?

JOHN BARRINGTON.

The Smoking Nuisance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

With all respect, I kick about the custom of using tobacco in public. There are "No Smoking" signs in the Subway, and if the advertising signs there compel no more attention than the "No Smoking" signs do, the advertisers can't get much return for their money. The reek of tobacco is everywhere these days, and the very many people whom it makes sick must grin and bear it for the recreation of the hogs who indulge in it. If we women ate candy or powdered our faces while walking along the street as while in cars, how we would be jeered!

THELMA R.

An Office Boy's Grievance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read a lot about the way girls ought to be treated in offices. But no one says a word about us office boys. In most places we are treated like a lot of little dogs, and we are fired if we dare to talk back or oversleep or get sick or take a day off. We get the least pay of any people in offices, for it runs from $2.50 to $5 a week, and yet we work longer hours and harder than the high-paid employees. And we get spoken to as no one would dare speak to them. Let some letter writers take up the office boy's treatment, and maybe we'll get treated decently.

LOWER BROADWAY.

Tips, Wages and Expenses.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The cost of living is going up, but our salaries still remain the same. Instead of increasing, it seems as if employers are trying to decrease them. The landlords reckon on the amount of tips the hall and elevator boys get. If a tenant gives such boys a few cents every three months he thinks he is going to make them rich, and so it is in other jobs.

What will be the outcome, readers?

A. W. E.

Where the Commuter Loses.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On nearly all the local suburban lines traffic is greatly enlarged during the summer months and accommodations are accordingly improved. But in these winter days when there are no transients to "catch" for permanent passengers we poor commuters get pretty much any sort of service the roads choose to give us. They know they have us "own-your-own-homers" cinched. Will other victims testify?

M. C. M'L.

Merry Christmas? Well, Rather!

By J. Campbell Cory.

Love Affairs of Great Men.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Heine and His Mathilde.

It is not usual for great men to beat their wives, more particularly wives who love them and with whom they are in love.

Such, however, was the strange practice of Heinrich Heine, Germany's great lyrical genius, who, when conversing with his friend, Weill, would suddenly pause, furrow his forehead as though attempting to recollect something, and then exclaim: "Oh, I remember, now! My wife must be beaten again."

So invariable was this process of beating that Monday grew to be the day when the big husky woman, who, before her marriage to Heine, was Mathilde Mirat, knew she must go through the farce of permitting herself to be beaten by the puny little invalid, her husband.

Without minding Weill, who was frequently present at the queer ordeal, Heine would pull down the blinds and proceed to slap Mathilde about the face and shoulders, punctuating every slap with a justifying explanation: "That's for burning the chops!" "Take that for calling me a fool yesterday!" etc.

Mathilde could have knocked him down with one finger, but instead she would pretend to cry and call on Weill for help. "Did you ever see a man beat his wife?" she would exclaim. "Weill, help me—you would not beat your wife!"

Heine's rage seems to have been entirely playful. Once he told Mathilde that he hoped she would marry again after his death.

"Why?" she asked him wonderingly.

"Because I want to be where there will be at least one man to regret my death," he answered.

Mathilde took his cynicism good humoredly. "Have your pest, my love!" she replied. "You know you cannot do without me."

And she was right. The wife of Heine was a beautiful, unintellectual, but intelligent and charming French woman. Heine, though of German birth, was French in his affiliations and sympathies. He had scant love for his own country, but a great deal for the gay daughter of Paris whom he made his wife.

In his will he left everything to Mathilde, who, "true and loyal as she is beautiful, has cheered my existence," he wrote.

Yet the poet complained that the volatile "Nonotte," as he called her, paid more attention to her parrot than to him, and that she sat up all night making poultices for a cat whose ear had been damaged in a fight—a sacrifice, he declared, she would not have made for any human being.

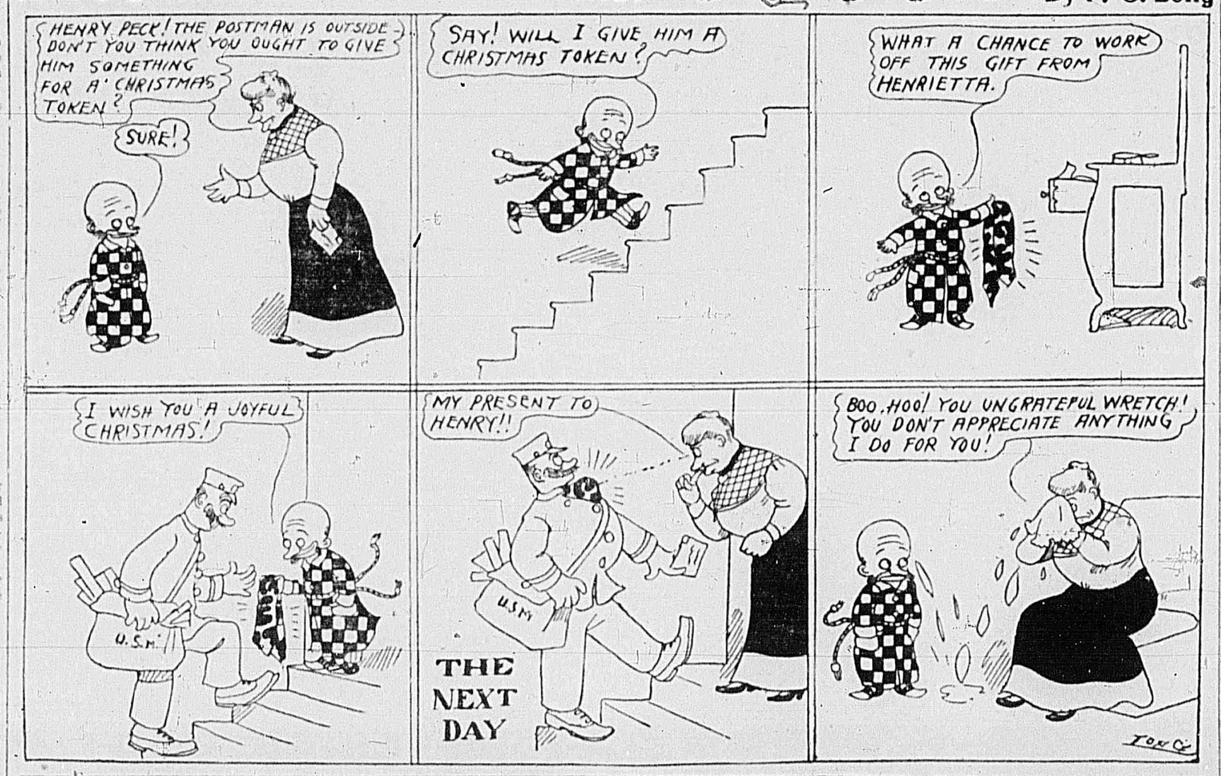
One day when he was seized with a spasm of coughing which he thought foretold his end, the doctor tried to reassure him by saying his death would not be hastened in the least.

"Don't, please, tell that to my wife," he pleaded cynically. "She has enough to bear already."

But Mathilde really loved the great poet, though he could never persuade her to read his poems, and his death left her inconsolable.

If YOU Had a Wife Like This.

By F. G. Long



WHAT HIS RANK WAS.

Jack—Is he the captain of the family ship?

Jessie—Oh, no; he's her second or third mate, I understand.—Cassell's Magazine.

FAITH STILL ON TAP.

Codger—Alas! the good old faith our fathers had is dying out.

Podger—Nonsense! There are more hair restorers and gold bricks sold than ever before.—Detroit Free Press.

KEPT QUIET.

Jack—Hullo, Charlie, and how do you enjoy married life, eh? Ever have any differences of opinion with your wife?

Charles—Yes, but I don't let her know about them.—Cassell's Magazine.

COULDN'T CORNER HIM.

Miss Gushing—Which do you prefer, Mr. Dashing, blondes or brunettes?

Jack Dashing—Oh! that all depends on the girl I am with.—Illustrated Bits.

TWENTY-FIVE ROMANCES of PROGRESS

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 20—SAMUEL MORSE; the Man Who Abolished Time and Space.

An American artist, coming home in 1832 after a successful career as painter and sculptor in Europe, amused his fellow passengers during the voyage by explaining to them a queer theory he was working out. The artist was Samuel B. F. Morse, a New Englander, who had been graduated from Yale at eighteen and had, like Robert Fulton, gone to England to study art under Benjamin West. In his spare moments he dabbled, for recreation, in electrical experiments. On the home-bound ship he had met a Dr. Jackson, who had interested him still further in this subject. The theory with which Morse entertained the other passengers was as follows:

It has been proved that an electrical current will pass instantaneously along a wire of any length. If this current is interrupted at any point a spark will appear. Why not let such a spark or succession of sparks represent some part of speech—a letter, number or other sound-symbol?

The passengers laughed at the odd notion and most of them soon forgot it. But Morse was so captivated by the idea that he threw over his artistic career and set to work at once on the electrical invention which he called "the electro-magnetic telegraph." He sacrificed his means of livelihood by doing this. For four years he worked in poverty and want, and at the end of that time his invention was complete.

Then he petitioned Congress for an appropriation in order that he might put up an experimental line from Baltimore to Washington. The request was refused. Then he went to England and tried to patent his invention. He failed. Nor would other European countries assist him. Every one seemed to look on the telegraph as a useless, impracticable fantasy.

Long Struggle with Congress.

Back to America came Morse and once more went to Washington, where he moved heaven and earth to get Congress to appropriate $30,000 for the telegraph. His efforts seemed in vain, and on the last evening Congress was in session in 1843 he went to his lodgings heartbroken and without hope. This was the lowest ebb of his fortune. Without prospects, penniless, more than fifty years old, his invention everywhere rejected, he seemed to be one of the century's most abject failures.

Early next morning a young girl called to see him. She was the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, and she brought the discouraged inventor glorious news. At midnight, almost on the minute of adjournment, Congress had voted Morse the $30,000 appropriation.

The work of building the line from Washington to Baltimore was begun at once. In a year it was complete. In May, 1844, the first message was sent. It was dictated by the girl who had brought Morse news of the appropriation, and it read: "What hath God wrought!" Now that the scheme was so triumphant a success it was at once adopted all over the world. But Dr. Jackson, who had talked over the subject with Morse on shipboard so many years before, now brought suit, claiming credit for all the latter had accomplished. The suit (unlike so many in which Progress Makers have been engaged) was decided in Morse's favor. Henceforth his way was smooth. European countries raised for him a testimonial of $80,000, and wealth and honors poured in from all sides.

Now that it was found easy to telegraph across limitless stretches of land, the next step was to attempt the laying of telegraph wires under water. It was found that by insulating these wires a cable could be laid under the English Channel from England to France. Then came the idea of the Atlantic Cable. That also originated with Morse. But here began a new series of setbacks and disappointments that dragged on for many years. Two large steamers twice tried to stretch a cable across the Atlantic, and both times the cable broke.

Cyrus W. Field, who was the chief promoter of the scheme, would not give up, even in the face of these repeated disappointments. Through his efforts a third cable was attempted and this time was carried safely across the ocean. Electric communication was established. A monster ovation was planned in Field's honor. But on the very day it was to occur the cable again collapsed. For seven years nothing more was done. The project was abandoned as useless. Yet Field did not despair. At last, in 1866, the first permanent and practicable line was laid.

An Atlantic Cable at Last.

But to Morse above all others praise for telegraphy is due. He made no original electrical discoveries. In fact, various other men, while he was perfecting his machine, made more or less futile experiments along the same line. But it remained for Morse to combine all previous electric inventions and discoveries and put them to their first great practical use. He lived to see that little strand of wire which in 1843 he stretched between two nearly cities extend until it had knit the whole civilized world in one mighty bond that revolutionizes commerce, news and history itself; and forever annihilated time and space.

Ten Famous Women in Make-Believe History

No. 1—Mrs. Blue Beard.

By Margaret Rohe.

"I WONDER what Blue has locked up in the closet of his den?" mused Mrs. Beard curiously. "He's always snooping around that door, snapping the lock whenever he hears me coming and looking like the cat that ate the canary when I catch him. I'd give a good deal to know what he has concealed in that closet."

"Why don't you ask him?" suggested the practical sister Ann, who was visiting the Beards at the time.

"I did," confessed Mrs. Beard, "and he said cigar coupons. The idea! I may be blue, but I'm not green." At which the ladies laughed heartily, such being considered a rare jest in those days.

"It is very probable," said sister Ann, who was unmarried and therefore uncharitable, "that the man is hiding a correspondence from some person of our own sex."

"I wonder who she can be?" said Mrs. Beard, readily accepting the suggestion. "I wonder if it is some one we know or a stranger?"

"If we had a key that would fit the closet door we could find out," said sister Ann.

"That is so," said Mrs. Beard thoughtfully. She sought her bunch of keys, and the first one they tried fitted the closet door. It just had to. What is the use of delaying the denouement?

The door swung open easily. It didn't even creak. The ladies peeked in. "My goodness!" said Mrs. Beard. "Gracious me!" said sister Ann. There wasn't a sign of a compromising correspondence. There wasn't even a letter. Nor yet a bit of baby blue ribbon. The closet was filled with holiday gifts bearing such tags as "From Blue to His Little Wifey," "Merry Xmas to Sister Ann, from Brother Blue," and the like.

The ladies looked at each other.

"I was sure Blue was on the level," said Mrs. Beard.

"Isn't he a dear?" said sister Ann.

"I love that old man," said Mrs. Beard.

And such are the true facts of a persistently garbled historic happening.

Good Old Captain Bugher.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

New Deputy Police Commissioner Bugher pronounces his name "Bewer."—Society Item.

Oh! Bingham shoots us queer-shaped names in manner quite staccato.
He gave us Rhino Waldo, and he followed it with Mathot.
It took six months to say that last, and then, when we could do so,
He threw the harpoon into him because of poor Caruso.
And looking down the list of names, in hopes to find a newer,
He struck upon that King of Clubs, that well-known cop, Cap. Bugher.
If Rhino Waldo got our goat and Mathot had us baffled,
Won't "Bugher" terrify each crook who ever, ever Raffled?
For he belongs to many clubs—policemen's clubs excluded—
So we can all be sure that "York" by crooks won't be denuded.
Oh, when it comes to terrifying every evil-dugher,
You bet that we can all depend on good old Captain Bugher.
He might not know a pool-room if he met one on a ramble,
He may not know where sports collect when they are wont to gamble;
He may not know a single crook in all the big collection;
He may not know a single thing concerning crime detection.
But deputies of social rank are growing few and fugher,
So let us give three silent cheers for good old Captain Bugher.

Science and the Hen.

INVESTIGATION of the capacity of hens to lay eggs resulted in the discovery that the egg production of hens decreases considerably after the age of four years. Thus, a hen lays at the age of one year about twenty eggs; at the age of two years, about 130; at the age of three years, about 135; at the age of four years, about 115; at the age of five years, about eighty, and at at the age of six years, about sixty.